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BOY—BUT NEVER MAN

By "RALPH WERTHER—JENNIE JUNE"

(Author of Autobiography of an Androgyne)

In the eighties of the nineteenth century, in a large New England mill-town, school is out, and the sidewalks are thronged with children. Half a dozen boys around the age of ten are leading along as a captive a school fellow of their own age, although a head shorter. They keep pulling his hair—just hard enough to scare and not really hurt him. Whenever he reaches up a hand to lay hold of theirs, they slap it smartly. Tears are streaming down the captive's cheeks.

"Tattle-tale!" "Sissie!" "Mollie Coddle!" are among the opprobrious names with which his captors are overwhelming him. "If you were a big strong fellow like us, we would give you a good thrashing. But we wouldn't do it to such a little sawed-off."

The captive happened to be a goody-goody, one of those over-conscientious boys who himself never transgressed, who had no patience with those who did, and who only that afternoon had felt it his duty to tell the teacher on some boys guilty of serious mischief. The fundamental reason for his treachery was that he was psychically female.

"Here, you!" exclaims one captor, as he snatches the girl-boy's books. "Carry your books in your hand like a boy! With your arm hanging straight down, like this. Don't be carrying them squeezed between your fore-arm and belly. Hereafter, Miss Nancy, only girls are to be allowed to carry their books that way."

Arrived at a corner where the boys must separate, they set the girl-boy free, but not until after slapping him on the back several times—merely hard enough to frighten him. He started off on a run, one of the manly boys after him and shouting out threats. Shrieking for help, the girl-boy ran upon the porch of the nearest house and gave the doorbell several hysterical jerks—which put an end to his pursuit.

"Werther is a queer Dick," one of the manly boys remarks to another as they walk homeward together. "Did you ever hear what

he used to do? Any Essex Street boy can tell you. They have all seen it with their own eyes. But now he is ashamed of himself, and won't come across. One night Tom Green and I tried him, but he turned his back and walked away without saying a word."

"I have wondered at seeing him seat himself on the boys' laps right in school, and even bury his face under their coats. It is queer how he plays with the girls, and sometimes even exchanges clothing with them. I only wish they would admit me into their homes and their secrets as they do him."

"Did you ever run your hand up his arm? His skin is softer than velvet. And his calves are as shapely as a girl's."

"The queer Dick ought to have been born a girl. He isn't any sort of a boy, and will never make a man. He drives a nail and does almost everything just like a girl. When he sharpens a pencil, you would think he had chewed it off with his teeth."

"Did you ever notice how he acts in the Crystal Palace? He never sits down, and when he stands, there is little or nothing. I don't believe he carries anything as big as a pencil. If a fellow happens to come up beside him, he right away departs, all blushes."

"While we boys are on the ball field, he sticks home with his dolls. I have to laugh when I remember how, even two years ago, I used to see him proudly pushing a doll carriage ahead of him."

"I had to laugh the other day when I passed his house as he was seated on the porch knitting."

"I have known him to go out of his way around a block rather than pass a couple of us playing "Catch." It is because he is afraid the ball might roll near him and he would have to pick it up and give it his weak girl-like throw. * * * *

One afternoon the girl-boy is absorbed in completing a dress for one of his dolls. A grown-up sister happens to pass, and angrily exclaims: "Don't you know you are too old to be playing with dolls? You might as well wear petticoats! Why don't you get out on the ball field with the other boys? I do hate an effeminate boy!"

Immediately encountering her mother in the next room, the daughter remarks: "What are we going to do with Ralph? I am ashamed of his playing with dolls and the girls all the time. I am afraid he is not normal."

"Not normal!" the girl-boy repeats to himself, having overheard his sister. "I not normal? What does that mean?" Suddenly overwhelmed with melancholia, he drops his sewing. "It must refer to my queer desires for the school boys. How could my sister know about them? I am ashamed ever to look her in the face again. She must have learned of my bad habits up to the age of seven. None of the other children did what I then so often did—the nastiest thing

any one can imagine [fellatio]! I am so ashamed that I feel like killing myself! And why do all the children say I am more girl than boy?"

But by bedtime, the girl-boy had entirely recovered from his chagrin. For two hours before he could fall asleep, he—as every night—thought only of the best-looking boys of his acquaintance, and of his own age, and of associating with them dressed as a girl. He imagined all sorts of flirtations. He would imagine breaking into their houses after they had gone to bed, and attaining the desire the satisfaction of which, subsequently to the age of seven, his shame had denied him. He would imagine a dozen of them standing behind a long seven-foot screen, with apertures, and his going from one to another. He would imagine himself walking on a lonely road, and meeting a handsome stranger boy, who would force him to the act he had renounced three years before. He would imagine rough, dare-devil boys kidnapping him, and holding him prisoner in an abandoned cabin in the depths of the woods for the purpose of utilizing his infantile appetency. He would imagine himself to be a beautiful girl skating in the rink, and having a score of boys frolicking with him. He would imagine falling down (as if by accident) so that the half-dozen skating immediately behind became piled in a heap, himself undermost.

But he never had any inclination toward onanism. Though knowing the difference between male and female anatomy, he did not until later—about his fourteenth year, since he never associated with boys except in the schoolroom—know its function. He knew what transpired between some boys and girls, but did not know that anything ever resulted.

The fact that he was a boy—or rather that his body was that of a boy, because psychically he was thoroughly a girl—occassioned him an immense amount of regret and chagrin, and continued to do so down to the age of thirty. He was doomed to be a girl who must pass her earthly existence in a male body. How dreadful for a young woman to have a slight growth of hair on lip or cheeks! Only one stigma of the male! How much more dreadful for a young woman to possess almost all the male anatomy, as was the fate of Ralph Werther! How bitterly he for many years bewailed that fate! * * * *

The girl-boy has grown to "manhood," graduated from a university, and after an unusually checkered career—largely incognito—his middle forties find him a highly specialized clerk in a large New York office. While his associates feel kindly toward him because of his unusually suave disposition and his rare conscientiousness—which,

being innate, he could not help—they realize that he is an eccentric individual.

"How much Werther is like a woman!" one of the men in the office one day remarked to another. "I would set him down as one-third man, one-third woman, and one-third infant. He surely belongs to neither the male nor the female sex, but to a third, as yet unrecognized, sex."

"His hands are as soft and hairless as those of a girl. When he rolls up his sleeves, it is to display the arms of a woman. And I never saw the hair on any other man's head so fine and silky! And his breasts are certainly beauts!"

"And how like a woman he is in his reactions of disgust at repulsive objects! And how he blushes like a woman!"

"But did you ever catch his sobbing in the office? The boss called him down one day. When Werther got back to his desk, he wept bitterly. Masculine tears are something to be marvelled at."

"His voice, though hoarse, has a feminine timbre. At the same time it possesses the firmness, forcefulness, and carrying power of a child's voice. Have you noticed how it often breaks and changes, sometimes in the middle of a sentence? From being masculine, it suddenly changes timbre and becomes decidedly feminine, passing over from a bass to a treble. And his voice is so sentimental, gushing, bland, and caressing. It is the kind of voice a dying woman would like to be addressed in."

"That reminds me. I have never seen him even look at one of the fair sex. I once asked him why he never married, and he replied that he was not yet old enough!"

"Although something of a scholar, and with a mind better than the average run, he is really nothing but a child nearly half a century old. He has never ceased to be a baby mentally."

"I like to watch him as he works, because of his childlike way of doing things and his childlike grimaces. His face wears expressions not ordinarily seen in an adult. For example, when teased, a sort of pleased childlike pride at being the object of attention. That is why the men are continually teasing him, because it is just like teasing a girl or a child."

"He still possesses the real childlike naiveté. Moreover, he possesses childlike features to harmonize with his decidedly childlike manner. He is certainly 'The boy who never grew to be a man.' At forty-five, he would pass for thirty. I never met any one else so abnormal in respect to the discrepancy between apparent and actual age. I have tried to get out of him the recipe for perennial youth."

The conversation is brought to an end by the approach of Ralph Werther himself. As he passes, he unexpectedly and without any

preceding explanation whispers low to the still unmarried of the two young men, who also happens to be particularly blessed in the matter of good looks and virile psyche: "Did you know I am a woman?"

The young man is dumbfounded. But Ralph Werther proceeds in his way as he emits a girlish giggle.

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FALSE ACCUSATIONS OF RAPE*

BY DR. F. R. BRONSON

Of the following cases, the first one is taken from Tidy, the others from Thoinot.

I.

This is one of the numerous cases in which the parents, by stupid questions and their acts of punishment force the child to make accusations against an innocent man.

A girl, aged thirteen, stated that ten days previously, a cabman had forcibly violated her in his cab. The child was rather under the average size, weak, thin and cachectic. She appeared somewhat weak-minded. There were no signs of puberty. The clitoris was large. The pudenda, buttocks, and thighs were excoriated and stained with ordure and discharge. The hymen was present, but exhibited a slight laceration on the left side. The discharge was first noticed and soreness complained of by the child ten days before, but it was only after her parents had asked her all sorts of questions and threatened to beat her that she accused the cabman. She pointed out a man known to her parents who drove a white horse, as the person who had violated her. It was, however, clearly proved that the man was miles away from the place at the time the alleged rape was committed, and he was, of course, acquitted.

II.

Here is a remarkable case of a cruelly vicious accusation and an attempt at blackmail or revenge.

One day in the month of September, a man lying on the grass near the bridge of Neuilly, saw coming toward him a little girl in rags, who asked him for a cent. The man reached in his pocket and said to the child, "Sorry, little one, but I've only got some cakes; here, take them."

The child went away with the man's cakes in her hands, but she was scarcely 100 meters away when a woman cried to a laborer who was working near the bridge: "Have that man arrested: he